MOTHER DEAR,

I'LL COME HOME.

Sung by T. B. PRENDERGAST, at Bryants' Minstrels,
472 Broadway, N. Y.

Oh! mother dear, I sigh in vain,
To live my childhood o'er again,
And see thy clear, love-beaming eye
Outshine the stars up in the sky.
Oh! Mother dear, bright sunny rays,
That give such joys and heavenly bliss,
As by thy knee I used to pray,
Or climb'd to steal affection's kiss.

CHORUS.—Oh! mother dear, I sigh in vain,
To live my childhood o'er again,
And see thy clear, love-beaming eye
Outshine the stars up in the sky.
Oh! mother dear, oh! my mother dear.

Oh! mother dear, those early scenes,
The flow'ry fields and meadows green,
As thoughts come back, I heave a sigh,
And wish for happy days gone by;
Long since I left my native shore,
But now my heart beats just as then,
Tho' miles of sea between us roar,
Dear mother, I'll come home again.

Chorus.

H. DE MARSAN
DEALER IN SONGS TOY BOOKS &C.
№ 154 CHATHAM. N.Y.